

Semi-Weekly Interior Journal.

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NO. 178.

Semi-Weekly Interior Journal

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\$2 PER ANNUM, CASH.

understand if we credit that \$2.50 will be expected and demanded.

W. P. WALTON.

WAYNESBURG, LINCOLN COUNTY.

—Jacob Buel seems to be improving to some extent.

—M. F. Padgett has sold his farm of 50 acres to an Ohio man for \$400.

—Corn is selling at \$2 per barrel in the field here. John Camden, Jr., bought of T. J. Padgett, one horse and saddle for \$90.

—H. S. Wilson returned Sunday from Owen county, where he and his brother have bought 135 acres of land at \$15 per acre.

—A series of meetings began at Olive church on last Sunday and will continue several days conducted by the pastor, Rev. J. M. Cross.

—Born to the wife of Daniel Dabon on Friday last, a girl. Sam says it weighed 12 pounds. To the wife of J. R. Wheeler a girl, on Sunday. This is the first one for 16 years. Robert is the hero that braved the snow storm last January to Stanford to get license.

—A couple of men, claiming to be from France, passed through this neighborhood with a grizzly bear that would perform for them at their request. It would dance and walk around on its hind feet and kiss one of the men. For 5 cents they would perform, which tickled the little ones.

Organs in Churches.

The erection of a large pipe organ in the Main street Christian church is now being agitated. Nothing adds so much to the appearance of a church building or the services as an elegant pipe organ. Seeing Elder John S. Sweeney, pastor of the Paris Christian church, at the Hinton-Freeman wedding the other night, reminded one of the opposition to an organ in this congregation some time ago. The members were divided on the organ question, while the pastor's soul was filled with music and he was so much bent on securing an instrument that he went quietly to work and by private subscription raised \$1,500 and purchased an elegant pipe instrument. A few of the older members declared their intention of never again entering the church building if the organ was placed therein. The organ, however, was erected, and these few carried out their intentions for awhile, but finally all but one returned to the fold. That one was ex Mayor B. F. Pullen, whose death occurred at the Ashland House in this city about a year ago. [Lexington Transcript.]

SPLITTING ON THE HAND.—The act of splitting on the hand, so often seen among laborers and working men before beginning a task, is, though not generally known, the remains of a charm. According to Piny splitting was superstitiously observed in advertising whitecraft, and in giving a more vigorous blow to an enemy. Hence we get the custom with prize fighters of splitting on their hands before they begin to fight. Boys a few generations ago used to "split on their faith" when required to make a promise, and when colliers combined to get their wages raised they used, before the days of trade unions, to spit on a stone together by way of cementing their union. When persons were of the same party, or agreed in their sentiments, there used at one time to be a popular saying that they had "split on the same stone." [All the Year Round.]

The man that is preaching a doctrine of hate and prejudice toward the negro, whose improved condition is now seen in the fact that he is beginning to compete with white labor, poses before the country as the successor of Lincoln and Seward and Sumner, whose fondest dream was to see the freedmen in just such a position as he now occupies. This is the inevitable tendency of Mr. Blaize's demagogic appeals to race prejudice in Pennsylvania. It is to turn the republican party in that State against the black man and to make it an "anti nigger" party that he is laboring. What do the friends of the progressive black population of the South think of it? [Chicago Herald.]

The following recipe for washing without rubbing is said to be revolutionizing wash rooms here and elsewhere: Put a teaspoonful of coal oil and half a bar of soap into one gallon of water. Boil until the soap dissolves. Then put in the clothes and add enough cold water to cover them and boil for 20 minutes. Then take them out and put in a tub of clear water. Then wring them out and put in another tub of clear water. Then wring them and hang them out.

"Times have changed," said Old Hyson, mournfully, "times have changed." "And as to wherefore?" asked his son. "In former times," said the old one, "man ate the cream." "And now?" "They cream the man." There was an awful pause. Young Hyson walked out of the counting room on his tip toes and told one of his salesmen he was afraid the old man was breaking up fast. [Bob Burdette.]

CRAB ORCHARD, LINCOLN COUNTY.

—Mr. George James has had another very severe attack of heart disease. Mr. Ransom Carson is still paralyzed, though not suffering as greatly as he was.

—L. Scott's remains did not arrive until Friday night and on Saturday afternoon they were interred in Mr. Lawless' yard. Mrs. Scott has in this, her first dark hour of widowhood, the sympathy of many friends.

—Our Sunday-schools are both in a flourishing condition now and the married ladies' bible class in the Christian Sunday-school is one of its most interesting features. Rev. J. G. Livingston preached at the Christian church last Sunday morning. He made the following announcement: The county meeting of the Christian churches of Lincoln will convene in Crab Orchard on Saturday before the 3d Sunday in May. Rev. Mr. Green will preach at the Baptist church next Sunday morning and night.

—Dr. Doones and his pretty daughter Miss Lelia, have returned from a visit to Mrs. Dr. Burdett, at Brodhead. Mr. J. Wallace, from Jessamine county, was the guest of Mr. Alfred Davis this week. Mr. Simon Gormley, of Lexington, has been visiting his mother and on a hunting expedition also. Miss Alice Ward has returned to Livingston, taking Miss Ellen Ward with her. Mr. G. F. Peacock, of Hustonville, was in town Sunday. He comes to see one of our handsome widows quite often and Madame Rump says it is his intention to locate at the poor-house.

—Mr. D. B. Elmiston has rented Mr. John Elmiston's large store-room on lower Main street. His new stock of dry goods has arrived and in a few days he will be prepared to wait upon the public. Mr. Perkins Payne has bought an interest in Mr. D. C. Payne's grocery store and they have moved their goods across the street into the room lately vacated by Mr. Edwards. Our town has donned quite a business-like appearance and we can now boast of two drug stores, three dry goods stores and five hardware and grocery stores. We took a peep in Mr. Bailey's new drug store yesterday and it is truly "a thing of beauty," and besides Mr. Bailey is so nice and

—well, we dare not say what, because we are afraid of Mrs. B.

—Last Monday a party composed of Misses Sallie Fish, Jennie Kennedy, Annie Holmes and Mr. Joe Rhinehart, left here on the north-bound train. The ladies intended visiting in Stanford and the gentleman to go to Lexington on business. But when they reached Stanford Mr. R. persuaded the ladies to accompany him to Lexington. Arriving there they stopped at Mr. Joe Huffman's. Shortly afterwards Mr. R. procured the license and the service of Rev. Matthews, a Christian minister, and at 7:30 o'clock he and Miss Sallie were united in marriage "until death parts" them. The bride is the handsome and accomplished daughter of Mr. James Fish, and the groom is to be congratulated upon the prize he has won. They returned on Tuesday night and are now at Mr. W. F. Kennedy's. The whole party stoutly affirm that when they left here they had no idea of a wedding resulting from the trip; but they enjoyed the trip as much as if they had known it. Mrs. Rhinehart, for you and your "liege lord" our wish is this:

"Bright as sunlight on the sea,
May your wedded future be;
Like the dew upon the flower,
Pure and happy every hour."

—Last Tuesday in Garrard, at the residence of the bride's father, Mr. Sam Carpenter, at 2 P. M. Mr. D. B. Elmiston and Mrs. Jennie Paerigo, were united in wedlock's holy bonds, by Rev. E. E. Irwin. Immediately after the ceremony they drove to Crab Orchard and a nice little supper was given them by Mr. and Mrs. John Elmiston, where they have taken rooms for the present. Only the relatives were invited to partake of the delicacies Mrs. Elmiston knew so well how to prepare. Miss Lida Elmiston, Dr. Pettus, Messrs. W. Garrett and John McClure from here were present at the marriage. The bride was becomingly attired in bronze satin, striped velvet, natural flowers and gold ornaments. Both the bride and groom at one time resided in Crab Orchard and we gladly welcome them into our midst again, hoping long to keep them with us. The bride is possessed of all those virtues that make women lovely; the groom is an upright, moral, christian gentleman, possesses excellent business qualities and naught but happiness can result from their union. We take pleasure in wishing for you both long life, crowned with prosperity, gladness and sunshine, and that

By sweet experience you may know,
That marriage rightly understood,
Gives to the tender and the good
A paradise below."

She Wasn't That Kind.

"We are wedded now, my darling," said the husband to his bride. "and henceforth we'll go together on life's journey side by side." "We must bear each other's burdens, help each other when we can, and to make life happier, brighter, each must for the other plan. Let's begin this very morning—to start right in my desire—you just get up now, my precious, and construct the kitchen fire." Sad, sad! said his disappointed courage oozed from every pore, when his sweet young wife responded, "ay, what do you take me for?" [Simerville Journal.]

OUR CONGRESSMEN.

Sketches and Pictures of the Kentucky Delegation to the 50th Congress.

The Kentucky delegation which goes to the Fiftyth Congress contains three Republicans—from the Third, Ninth and Eleventh districts, respectively. It contains new members from the Third, Fourth, Fifth, Ninth and Eleventh districts. The others were re-elected.



Hon. W. S. Stone, from the First district, was born June 25, 1841, in Caldwell county. He was reared on a farm and educated in the common schools. He entered the Confederate army as a private, and was wounded at Cynthiana in 1864, necessitating the amputation of his right leg near the hip. He was elected to the Legislature in 1867 and again in 1875, being chosen Speaker of the House. He was elected a third time in 1883, and in 1884 was chosen Congressman from his district, defeating Hon. Oscar Turner, who was also his competitor in the last election. While Capt. Stone was lying wounded on the battlefield of Cynthiana he was cared for by Miss Cornelia Woodward. A year later he sought her out and they were married afterward.



Hon. Polk Laffoon, who has been elected to Congress from the Second district for the second time, was born in Hopkins county, October 24, 1844. He was reared on a farm, and educated in the country schools. At 16 he entered the Confederate army and was captured at Fort Donelson, but was exchanged, and then joined Morgan's cavalry. He was taken prisoner the second time in the Ohio raid, and was a prisoner until the close of the war, when he returned home penniless. He taught school for two years and studied law, obtaining a license in 1867. He was County Attorney of Hopkins county in 1872, and was a delegate to the National Democratic Convention in 1872.



Dr. W. Godfrey Hunter, the new member from the Third district, was born in Ireland, of Orange parentage. He came to this country in early youth and when the war broke out he joined the Federal army and became assistant surgeon of a New York regiment. At the close of the war he engaged in the practice of medicine and in oil speculations in Pennsylvania, and when oil was discovered in Cumberland county, Ky., he went there, leased lands and settled at Burkettsville, where he began the practice of his profession, and married a most estimable lady. At that time he was inclined with democracy, but he soon became a republican and was twice elected to the Legislature from the district composed of Clinton and Cumberland counties. He was defeated for State Senator by Joseph Bertrand, and afterwards he was defeated for Congress by John W. Caldwell in 1868, and by John R. Haisell in 1872. He then engaged in speculative enterprises in New Mexico and owing to antagonism in the Third district, he was at the last elected in chosen to succeed Mr. Haisell in Congress.



Hon. A. B. Montgomery, of the Fourth district, is a resident of Elizabethtown. He was born in Hardin county, Dec. 11, 1837, and is a graduate of Georgetown College. He studied law in Elizabethtown and also at the law school in Louisville, where he graduated in 1861. In 1870 he was elected Judge of the Hardin County court, and filled the office for four years, since which time he has been actively engaged in the practice of his profession at Elizabethtown. He was nominated for Congress after an exciting canvass, and elected by a handsome majority. His opponent at the primary election was the Hon. Thos. A. Robertson, who had defeated him two years before. Judge Montgomery is married and has four children.



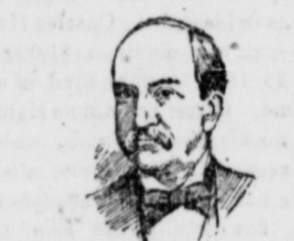
Hon. Asher G. Caruth, the newly elected member from the Fifth district, is known to almost every one in Louisville and Jefferson county. He was born in Scottsville, Kentucky, in '44, but moved to Louisville with his family when a mere boy. He was educated at Philadelphia and at the high school in Louisville. In 1866 he was admitted to the bar and removed to Hopkinsville, where he practiced several years and established the Kentucky New Era. In 1871 he returned to Louisville, and has lived there ever since. In 1873 he was chosen attorney for the School Board, and in 1880 he was elected Common wealth's Attorney, being re-elected last August. He has earned a wide reputation as Commonwealth's Attorney, and his friends predict a bright career for him in Congress.



Foremost among the members of the delegation and at the top of the list of Statesmen of the United States, stands John G. Carlisle, representative from the Sixth district and Speaker of the House of Congress. He was born in Campbell, now Kenton county, Kentucky, on September 5, 1835, and received a common school education. He studied law with the late Gov. Stevenson and W. B. Kinkaid, and was admitted to the bar in 1858. His first advent into politics was in 1860 when he was elected to the Legislature. He was chosen State elector on the democratic ticket in 1864, but declined to serve. In 1865 he was elected to the State Senate and served two terms. In 1871 he was elected Lieutenant Governor, and was Presidential elector for the State at large in 1876. He was elected to the 45th Congress and has served in the councils of the nation ever since. He was chosen Speaker in 1885 and re-elected in 1885, as he probably will be again at the next meeting of the House.



Hon. W. C. P. Brockinridge, Representative from the Seventh or Ashland district, was born August 28, 1837, near Baltimore, Maryland. He was educated in that State and afterward graduated at Centre College. He was admitted to the practice of law just before the late war, opening an office in Lexington in 1861. He entered the Confederate army as captain in Gen. John H. Morgan's cavalry and was afterward made Colonel. When the war ended he returned to Lexington and resumed the practice of law. He was elected to Congress in 1884, and was re-elected at the late election. As an orator, pure and simple, Col. Brockinridge stands head and shoulders above the remainder of the delegation, though he does not approach Mr. Carlisle in lucidity of reasoning and power in debate.



Hon. James B. McCreary, member from the Eighth district, was born in Madison county, July 8, 1838. He studied law early in life and was admitted to the bar in 1859. During the war he was Major and afterwards Colonel of the Eleventh Kentucky Cavalry in the Confederate army. He was elected to the State Legislature in 1869, 1871 and 1873 and was speaker of the House during the last two terms. While occupying this position he was noted for his firmness, and not a single appeal was taken against his rulings in four years. In 1875 he was elected Governor of the State, and was a wise and systematic executive. He is a forcible and attractive public speaker, and possessed of a genial spirit. He was elected to Congress in 1884, and had comparatively no opposition at the recent election.



Hon. George M. Thomas, the Republican member from the Ninth district, was born Nov. 23, 1828. He studied law when quite young, and was admitted to the bar in 1851. He held several county offices, and was elected to the Legislature in 1859-61 and '73. He was elected Commonwealth's Attorney for the Tenth district in 1862 and was one of the republican electors in 1864, 1868 and 1872. In 1868 he was elected County Judge and Circuit Judge in 1874. In 1880 he was defeated in the race for re-election, and subsequently for Congress, being the republican nominee. In 1881 he was appointed United States District Attorney for Kentucky, which position he held until the election of President Cleveland. He is a man of much personal popularity and some ability. His legal attainments are not of the highest order, however, and while the District Attorney in Louisville he delegated nearly all his work to his assistant George Durrell.



Hon. William Preston Taulbee, member elect from the Tenth district, has gained an enviable reputation as an orator since his entrance into politics. He was born in Magoffin county in 1851. He taught school for several years until 1877, when he entered the ministry of the Methodist church. In 1878 he was elected County Clerk and re-elected in 1880. He obtained law license in 1881 and built up a good practice. In 1884 he was nominated for Congress on the democratic ticket and was elected by a majority of 2,306, although the district had gone republican for several years. Judge H. Frank Finley, the newly elected member from the Eleventh district, is one of the most bitter Republicans in the State. He resides at Williamsburg and is said to have made a great deal of money in Star Route mail contracts. He was defeated for Congress in a race against Mat Adams, but won this time without trouble. He has held several official positions, once being Prosecuting Attorney of his district, and subsequently United States District Attorney for Kentucky. He resigned this position and going home

was elected Circuit Judge, his term expiring only a few months ago. The circuit comprises the most lawless section of the State. A photograph of Judge Finley could not be secured either in this city or at Williamsburg. He is a very large man, over six feet high and with a burly frame though not corpulent. He weighs probably over 200 pounds, wears a full brown beard and dresses plain, but well. [Louisville Times.]

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Twenty good yearling Mules, 15 of them mares, for sale. Call on or address me at Lancaster, Ky. 173-1m J. L. YANTIS.

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References:—A. R. Penny, Mrs. E. M. Carpenter, J. M. Phillips, J. M. Moore and James Hazzley, Stanford; Mrs. Maggie Holmes, Crab Orchard; Gen. W. J. Landrum and Miss Lizzie Huddman, Lancaster, Ky. 134-1vt

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counties are so opposed to the law
I wouldn't vote.

A special from Atlanta, Ga., says: "Prohibition bibles are in circulation in Atlanta. The prohibition bible is a very rare imitation of a book, which incloses a bottle of very good whisky. Merely touch the spring at one end of the book, the cork opens and the neck of the bottle is up serenely. These bottle books are sold here at \$1 each. A man could buy a church aisle with one under his coat without being suspected of anything but deep piety. But for prohibition the prohibition bible would have been unnecessary."

may not be amiss to explain what everybody doesn't know, the exact meaning of the word "honeymoon." To be etymologically correct, a bride and groom ought to have their honeymoon to four weeks, the period of a lunar month. The honey part of the word comes from an old German habit of drinking methglin, made honey, for thirty days after the wedding with a view to promote sweetness or, more likely,

oft soap for all sort of people—For a
tenant, call him a Captain. For a
middle aged lady, say you mistook her for
daughter. For a young gentleman ri-
fles, ask his opinion respecting the
operative merits of Mechi and Mappin
razor sellers. For young ladies, if you
by their color to be natural accuse them
painting.—[Chicago Tribune.

THE COMMERCIAL GAZETTE CO.,
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A THRILLING STORY TOLD BY A SECRET SERVICE DETECTIVE.

Capture of a Notorious "Shover of the Queer"—Caught in a Trap—Setting Fire to the Fuse of a Powder Keg. The Last Moment.

Soon after the war our bureau was notified that counterfeit \$1 and \$2 bills were being extensively circulated in the region about Reading, Pa. I was detailed, together with a companion named William Madden, to proceed to Scranton and work up the case. We soon found that the money was being floated by a gang of six or seven, of whom the majority were as tough cases as Abe Bazzard, of modern fame. We struck two leads at the same time, and while mine led to Harrisburg, his led into the mountainous country around Pottsville, which at that time contained some of the most lawless miners who ever handled a pick.

At Harrisburg I unearthed an old bird known as "Greenback Charlie," and landed him temporarily behind the bars. In three or four days I was satisfied that he was the only one of the lot in that neighborhood, and I set out to find Madden, from whom I had not yet heard a word. I met him in Reading, and he also had as prisoner a man known as "Sly Jim," but whose real name was Isaac Watson. He had been brought from Pottsville, and he was the head and front of the "shovers." No sooner had Madden located Jim, who was the ostensible owner of a saloon in town, than the fellow slipped out and made his way up the mountains, and took quarters in a cabin occupied by an aged woman, a widow. Madden hung to the scent until he relocated his game, and at about 4 o'clock in the afternoon he drew near the house. Forty rods away he was met by the old woman, who stated that Jim was in the house and willing to surrender. Madden should have stopped to reflect that some sort of trap was being laid for him. If Jim was willing to surrender, why hadn't he come out and shown himself? What need of a go-between between him and the officer?

The detective thought of nothing but securing his man at once, and he pushed on without even drawing his revolver. The outer door was partly open, and as he entered the house it was shut behind him and he was covered by a revolver in the hands of the counterfeiter. Sly Jim had served five years for a previous offense. He reasoned that the officer had him dead to rights on the new case, and that he would probably be "settled" for ten or fifteen years. This prospect had made him desperate, and he had determined on a desperate thing.

"Sit down over there!" he commanded, and the helpless officer obeyed.

"Now, then," continued Jim, "what do you want of me?"

"To arrest you for uttering counterfeit money."

"Got any proofs?"

"Plenty."

"Well, that settles it. I'd rather die than go back to prison, but you shall die with me. I could kill you and skip, but I'd be run down and hung. We'll go together!"

"On a table in the room was a fifty pound keg of powder, and leading into it was a four minute fuse. Jim walked across to the table, covered the officer anew and lighted the end of the fuse with the remark:

"In four minutes we'll be in h—ll! If you make a move from that chair I'll have to send you on ahead a little sooner!"

"I think I'll wait and go with you!" coolly replied Madden, "and if you've no objections I'll take out my watch and call time."

"That will be a good idea," said Jim, and out came the watch and the detective called out:

"Ten seconds! Fifteen! Twenty! Thirty!" and so on.

"Nobody will never know what happened to us," remarked Jim as the first minute was nearly gone.

"But they'll mix up the scraps and probably bury a portion of me along with you. That's the only thing I care about."

"Well, I always was fond of good company," retorted Jim.

"When two minutes had passed the detective began to softly whisper to himself.

"It will come mighty sudden when it comes," observed Jim as he crossed his legs.

"Yes, we won't know what hurt us."

"What's the time now?"

"Oh, we've got over a minute yet."

"Don't you wish you hadn't come?"

"No, sir! I was bound to have you or die with you."

"That's the sort! It's some honor to die with such a man as you. The fuse is getting pretty short."

"We've got fifteen seconds more."

Madden leaned back in his chair, and Jim had the revolver full on his breast. He hadn't been playing a bluff game, and the detective had made up his mind that there was no escape from death. From the corner of his eye he watched the fire creep nearer and nearer, but he did not move a finger. The spark finally touched the staves of the keg, and Madden felt that his last minute of life had come. He dropped his eyes to his watch and saw the seconds fly past—two—four—five—ten, and he felt that there had been some misarrangement. When fifteen seconds had passed Jim groined out:

"The damn thing has gone back on me!"

He rose up, as if to go over and examine it, and the instant the muzzle of his revolver was depressed Madden sprang for him and struck him a blow between the eyes which felled him like an ox. The revolver was discharged, but the bullet entered the floor. In another minute Jim was handcuffed and dragged out. He wilted as soon as the iron was on him, and no trouble was experienced in getting him to Reading. He was silent and sulky with Madden, but to me he said:

"Say, old man, you've got a partner to be proud of! He's got more nerve than any other man I know!"

"Excepting you," I replied, and he stroked his long whiskers and seemed pleased with the compliment.—Detroit Free Press.

Japanese Ideal Art.

Japanese ideal art is only a reproduction of the beauties of nature. The artist puts mountains, valleys, waterfalls, lakes, trees, flowers and birds on porcelain, paper, silk, satin and lacquer, but beyond this field of decoration he has no fancy. There are some of the characteristics of the island empire and its people, but it must not be inferred that these finer traits of character mean effeminacy, for they do not. These people are brave and daring, as all those who were reared among mountains have been in all ages. They have proved their title to bravery on many a bloody field. In spite of time consumed in pilgrimages and in worshipping nature, they are industrious workers. They have built up manufactures, established trade and commerce, and developed a system of agriculture that is more thorough and brings better results than that of many of their neighbors.—Cor. San Francisco Chronicle.

A dramatic writer says: "Boucault's work is fire-breathing." It may be, but we think it is equal to Shakespeare's Lear.—Boston Commercial Bulletin.

A NEW WATCH TRICK.

A Traveling Man's Description of the Way It Is Done—Winning a Wager.

"I was stopping at a little station on the Northwestern, and the hotel was close to the railroad track. The through passenger trains don't stop there. In the party sitting outside after dinner was a man who had a fine gold watch, with a case of extraordinary weight. He said it was the heaviest watch case made and the strongest.

"There is a funny thing about this watch of mine," he said; "it is so strong that I can put it on the railroad track and let a train run over it and it will not be damaged in the least."

"Right on the rail?" queried one of the party.

"Yes, I'll place it right on top of the rails, where the wheels run, and it won't be hurt a particle."

"Bet you the cigars you dabble in."

"The proposition was promptly accepted, and the whole crowd present included in the payment of the wager, no matter who lost. In a few minutes a train was seen approaching, when the owner of the watch went out to the track, put his timepiece on the rail, and then walked back to the hotel porch and resumed his chair as cool as a cucumber. The train came thundering on, and the crowd got excited. They stood with open mouths, and thinking what a shame it was that an infernal fool should put such a fine watch on the rails to be smashed into smithereens. When the locomotive struck the spot where the watch had been placed the crowd groaned and fancied they could see the bits of gold flying along with the dust. But the owner of the watch sat quietly smoking his cigar, and as soon as the long train had passed, he walked out, reached down and picked up his watch from the side of the rail, as perfect as if it had been in his pocket all the time.

"You see," he said, as we all lighted fresh cigars at the other fellow's expense, "there is no danger in this trick providing you place your watch near the edge of the rail, where the wheels have worn the face smooth, and so that the slightest disturbance will cause it to slide off inside the rail. The watch case is oval, and that leaves an opening for the air to get under. If the jar of the rail did not cause the watch to fall off the pressure of the air from the approaching train surely would. I have performed that little trick hundreds of times and never met with an accident."—Chicago Herald "Train Talk."

The Street Cars of Canada.

In Toronto all the street cars seem to be owned by the same company, as a package of tickets is good on any line. The peculiarity of the tickets is that they are perforated like postage stamps. You tear off a stamp and put it in the fare box, but an absent-minded stranger is apt to lick it on one side and try to stick it somewhere. In some of the St. Louis one-horse cars there are brass nickel carriers that run the whole length of the car. From any part of the car you can drop a nickel into one of these carriers and then watch it as it rolls along on its edge down the incline and finally goes rattling into the fare box.

I saw a wild western ranchman come into a car, and after putting in his fare in the ordinary way he noticed a newcomer drop a nickel down this elevated railway. The device aroused his utmost admiration. He at once changed a couple of dollars into five-cent pieces. Then he took his place at the door and started two nickels simultaneously down each side of the car and offered to accept bets as to which would get into the fare box first. He kept this up until his \$2 worth of coin was gone, and wound up by saying, "Well, that's the damnest contrivance I ever see."—Lake Shore in Detroit Free Press.

An English Railway Car.

It is very annoying to an American lady, accustomed as she is to the comfort and comparative seclusion of a seat in an American railroad car, to be obliged to travel in an English "carriage." When traveling at home she steps quietly and easily into a roomy, comfortable, well-ventilated car as the train pauses at the station.

At Eldon, if she is going up to London, she must first descend a long flight of very dirty steps, go through a dark underground tunnel and climb up again over an equally long and grimy staircase, in order to get on the proper side of the "line." When the train reaches the station, she must run up and down the long platform in search of the particular "class" to which her ticket entitles her, and if she is fortunate enough to find it, she is packed into an exceedingly stuffy compartment with perhaps eight or ten other people, who may or may not be desirable companions.—Boston Transcript.

A Ship Load of Treasure.

A practical result of the French invasion of Anam reached Paris in the shape of a mass of gold and silver treasure captured at Hue. The whole amount is contained in 192 boxes of silver and fourteen of gold. This cargo, which altogether weighed 69,000 pounds, and is valued at \$1,800,000, came down to France by steamer, being stowed in the bottom of the hold and covered over with 500 tons of merchandise. This was only a trifling part of the precautions which had to be taken. Every opening that could communicate with the hold was closed and sealed. The cargo was unloaded with the greatest care, and men with swords and loaded revolvers stood by till the last box was removed. The treasure was then placed on a train and dispatched to the minister of finance at Paris.—Foreign Letter.

When Mr. Blaine Became Interested.

While staying at Senator Cameron's, at Harrisburg, last week, Mr. Blaine found a book in the library treating of the history of early Pennsylvania families. In it he discovered a remote kinship between his mother's ancestors and the family of McCormicks, from which came Senator Cameron's first wife, and traced it back to the connecting link. When he retired to his room for the night, Senator Cameron, missing the book from the table and suspecting that his guest was losing sleep, followed him to his room and caught him sitting on the bed with his overcoat on and the book open in his hand. Senator Cameron took the book from him and said he felt tempted to do as his mother used to do with him under similar circumstances—blow out the light.—Frank Leslie's.

Blue Bloods of Boston.

The sons of the bluest blooded, richest men of Boston seem to be turning out wonderfully well. They are a studious lot and some of them are making deep, strong marks in their professions. Sincere, honest fellows, they delight in being tremendously studied before dinner and tremendously well afterward.—New York Graphic.

The Old Curmudgeon.

Young Man—I want to ask you a question. Widower—All right, ask away. Y. M.—You have been married three times; tell me which wife did you love most? W.—You hit three sour apples, one after the other, and then tell me which is the sweetest.—Texas Siftings.

LIFE ON A LIGHTSHIP.

A DRAG WITH NAUGHT SAVE DANGER TO RELIEVE THE MONOTONY.

Aboard the Scotland, Near the Jersey Coast—Clean Paint and Bright Jersey Work—The Stamp of Strength—Equipment—The Crew.

To give an account of the daily routine work on one of the ships will tell the story of both, and, in fact, all those along the seaboard. It is one continual drag with naught save danger to relieve the monotony. The hardships and perils which the crew have to undergo during the winter months are only equalled by those of the life savers along the coast. They do not fear the heaviest of gales if the anchor does not hitch or the cables snap. But if the latter happened in a strong northeasterly storm there would be cause for alarm. The white quicksands of Jersey would then become a lee shore and the vessel might be driven to pieces on the beach before the extra anchor could be dropped or the emergency canvas hoisted. At all times during the day and night there is a great strain on the cables. In winter the tension is increased 100 per cent, and, as a necessity, the chains are exceptionally strong, being capable of withstanding the most exciting pitch of the craft as it is cast about by the angry elements. The tackle which keeps it in position consists of a cable thirty fathoms in length. One end of this is coiled about the barrel of the great windlass and lies aft. The other descends through the hawsepipe and into the sea to be fastened to a monster mushroom anchor which rests serenely on the bottom. This long reach of chain is in itself of sufficient weight to make the lightship maintain a fairly steady frame.

ON BOARD THE SHIP.

Upon stepping on board the ship the stranger's eye is struck by the remarkable cleanliness of the deck paint and the brightness of the brass work. If he be any sort of an amateur sailor he will instantly perceive there is an absence of the running and standing rigging, which adds so much to the grace and beauty of the ordinary merchant marine and that there is a peculiarity about the roll and plunge of the craft. It is an unnatural roll when that of the skimming sailing ship or fast steamer is recalled. There is a decided languor about it that is simply sickening. There seems to be no exhibition of the movement, and every time the vessel falls from the crest of the sea the visitor's heart tries to come out of his mouth. This is not caused by fright, but is the sole outcome of the strange heaving of the ship. The stranger thing to attract the attention of the stranger is the solidity of everything about the deck. Nothing lacks the stamp of strength. The cabin, which is the sole property of the captain and mate, is situated away aft, like that on a vessel of the navy. It is a small apartment and is given ventilation and light by a skylight amidships and several daylight in the sides. Directly under the skylight the dining table is in position, and this, with the few chairs, is as bright as a new coin. The library and magazine well for powder and rockets are near by. Just forward of the cabin and opening into it by means of a little door is the oil room. There are a number of tanks in this compartment and these are filled with hundreds of gallons of oil. Hard by are a dozen or more extra lamps, with reflectors, chimneys and great bunches of wicks. The brass work on the former is finely polished and bright as nickel. The forecastle is situated in the eyes of the craft, or as near as the great chain cable will permit. It resembles that of a square rigged vessel, only it is below decks and everything is in good order. There are several bunks in the apartment, but the men for the most part prefer the luxury of a hammock.

EQUIPMENT OF THE VESSEL.

The lamps which are used are fixed within a band and are hoisted aloft by hand winches to which the lanterns are secured. They have circular wicks, are within protective reflectors, and are hung on gimbals, so that whether the ship rolls stern or gunwales under, they always maintain a vertical position. In winter they are lighted at 5 o'clock p. m. and extinguished at 7 a. m. In summer they burn from 8 p. m. to 4 a. m. The brilliancy of these lamps are not apparent from the deck. The hull of the ship is alike forward and aft, the stern being as sharp as the stem. It is as strong as an ironclad. To give it a glow and to carry sea there are false keels on each side of the bilge. These have several times saved the craft from serious disaster. The ship is supplied with a rudder, but it is fastened so that it can move neither way unless the clocks are withdrawn. Cautions to the extent of a trysail can be used, and only that in the event of the cable parting. The vessel is also provided with a whale or yawl boat, in which the captain and a few of the crew, in summer make irregular excursions. The crew of a lightship is a small one, and on board by passing pilot boats, which bring it down from this city. In bad weather weeks elapse sometimes before these on the pilot boats get a chance to put the letters and papers on board. The duties of the crew are onerous. Two are on watch at all hours. They look out for gruffs which approach in too close proximity, discharging rockets and guns to warn or signal them, and in foggy weather tell the bell for a life purpose. The men are not obliged to wear any special vessels or uniforms in distress, but invariably they do so.—New York Mail and Express.

Queer Fun in New York State.

A couple of generations ago, when Port Chester, N. Y., was called Sawpits, some village youngsters organized the Sawpits Brass band. Every year this band has had a grand parade. At 8 o'clock Saturday a procession was formed consisting of more than 100 of the old and young, in all sorts of fantastic costumes. Professor Harry J. Hunt, band leader, blossomed out as Mikado. Gen. Butler, President Cleveland, John L. Sullivan and Dr. Talmage were grouped on a gorgeous truck. In other vehicles were goats, bears, wolves and other animals. Then there were clowns and klunkers, frogs and pigs, and donkeys. A band of Indians, in war paint and feathers, was headed by Shashach B. as chief. More than twenty trucks, handsomely decorated, were in line. After the parade the Sawpits had a banquet and held a pow-wow around an improvised campfire. The old settlers told of the doings of Sawpits in their younger days, and everybody went home happy at a late hour.—Chicago Times.

New York Club Elections.

An unknown man can get into any club if proposed by a popular member, but men of notoriety and fame are blackballed with pitiless severity. George Gould, though a genial, unassuming, and well-mannered man, would be scalped alive in clubdom if he gave the voters a chance, because he's his father's son. He was prevailed upon to put up his name at the exclusive St. Nicholas, to which club he was eligible, but he withdrew it, wisely, just before election day.

If the truth were known about certain club elections what a splitting of life-long friendships there would be.—Blackly Hall in The Argonaut.

TRUTH.

A man knelt through the livelong night And prayed with tears that night might meet The first beam of the morning light With curlew blindness smote his eyes, A soul in darkness cried for truth, And dreamed the truth its bliss should be. Ah, and mistake, provoking rith! The truth brought endless misery. —Arlo Bates.

ENGLISH AND AMERICAN WORDS.

A London Correspondent Shows How They Differ—Difference in Spelling.

Let us now consider the ways of expressing the same thing in both countries, and see how they differ. Take dress first: Pantaloons are called trousers, never pants; suspenders are braces; a sack coat is a jacket, an underhirt, a jersey and a vest, and a vest a waistcoat—pronounced, by the by, wescut. The game of billiards furnishes some curious variances of expression: A shot is called a stroke, a run a break, and a carrom a carom. Then crackers are biscuits, and biscuits rolls. Crackers in England are what are called snapping mottos in America. Syrup and molasses are both known as treacle; a pie (of fruit) is a tart, a sugar bowl is a sugar basin, a stoop is a porch, and an entry a hall; a pitcher is a jug, and a bureau a chest of drawers, a cane is a walking stick, an overcoat a great coat, a check rein a bearing rein. Reins are never called lines, and a coachman is never called the driver.

Every store is a shop; a fruit store is a fruiterer's, a hardware store is an ironmonger's, a dry goods store a draper's or haberdasher's, a drug store a chemist's, and a vegetable store a green grocer's. Coal is invariably called coals; calico, print; thread, cotton, and a spool a reel. A frock coat is never called a Prince Albert, nor is a high hat called a stovepipe. Hare meat is always underdone, and the stubs of a checkbook are the counterfoils. Sleeve buttons are cuff links, and shirt cuffs wristbands. Mush is porridge. A bulky horse is a jibbing horse, and to balk is to jib. A cigar store is a tobacconist's. Beets (cooked) are beet roots; the german glance is always called cottillon. A stem winder is a keyless watch, and beer (at large) beer, of course in this I except lager beer, which is now in such great vogue in England.

The lines of railways differ wonderfully. Railroad is railway; the track is the line, and the rails the metals; the cars are the train; to switch is to shunt; a turnout is a siding; a locomotive is always an engine, an engineer a driver, and a fireman a stoker. The conductor is the guard, a car a carriage, baggage luggage, a baggage car a luggage van, and a freight train a goods train. A depot is a terminus or a station, and a switch tender a pointsman or signal man. Sick is always ill, or sick in England means sea sick. A good natured person is never called clever, nor is a clever person ever called smart. Smart in England now means well and neatly dressed, and the word is also applied to what is well and properly done in fashionable life. Smart liveries, a smart carriage, are frequent expressions. Humors is plain. Now for a few samples of difference in spelling: Labour, neighbour, honour, harbour, favour, etc. The only exception is in governor, where the u is dropped. Check (bank) is spelled cheque, and the plural of scarf scarves.—"Cockaigne" in The Argonaut.

Canes Are Indispensable.

"Canes," said the handsome Monroe avenue dealer, "are intended as a support. But it is only old gentlemen or those who are lame who use them in that way. They are a sort of ballast for a well dressed man to keep him in equipoise."

"What are favorite sticks?"

"Blackthorn, snakewood, malacca, ebony, oak and ash, with ivory, silver or bronze bands. Young men use slender, flexible steel canes, unless they are peddlars. Then they carry a walkingstick or alpenstock."

"Are canes as much used as ever?"

"They are indispensable. A man cannot walk with his hands in his pockets nor carry them swinging at his side when he is out at his leisure. Canes are not used during business hours. They belong to the promenade toilet. Notice a dozen young men on the street of an afternoon and you will see a character distinction in the way each one handles his cane. Elderly gentlemen are very fond of their canes, and being singular sticks here to be made up one from the branch of an apple tree that grew near his childhood's home, another a bough from some great man's grave. It used to be a common fashion to bring sticks from foreign trees, but that was when a stick was more a staff than it is now. I have noticed one thing. A homely old knotted cane is always highly valued, perhaps from associations. The proudest cane is the presentation stick with a big gold head and a long inscription. And it is the most uncomfortable one to carry, as it needs constant watching."—Detroit Free Press.

Bucklen's Arnica Salve.

The best salve in the world for Cuts, Bruises, Sores, Salt Rheum, Fero Sore, Tetter, Chapped Hands, Callouses, Corns and all skin eruptions, and positively cures Piles, or no pay required. I am guaranteed to give perfect satisfaction, or money refunded. Price 25 cents per box. For sale by Penny & McAllister.

What Can Be Done?

By trying again and keeping up courage, many things seemingly impossible may be attained. Hundreds of hopeless cases of Kidney and Liver Complaint have been cured by Electric Bitters, after everything else had been tried in vain. So don't think there is no cure for you, but try Electric Bitters. There is no medicine so safe, so pure and so perfect a Blood Purifier. Electric Bitters will cure Dyspepsia, Diabetes and all Diseases of the Kidneys. It is valuable in affections of Stomach and Liver, and overcomes all Urinary Difficulties. Large Bottles only 50 cents a bottle at Penny & McAllister.

Excitement in Texas.

Great excitement has been caused in the vicinity of Paris, Texas, by the remarkable recovery of Mr. J. E. Corley, who was so helpless he could not turn in bed, or raise his head; everybody said he was dying of Consumption. A trial bottle of Dr. King's New Discovery was sent him. Finding relief, he bought a large bottle and a box of Dr. King's New Life Pills, and by the time he had taken two boxes of Pills and two boxes of the Discovery he was well and had gained in flesh thirty-six pounds. Trial bottles of this Great Discovery for Consumption free at Penny & McAllister.

Green's Golden Balm, sure cure for Catarrh at 50c.

Use Green's Ointment for Coughs and colds. Price 50c. For sale by McRoberts & Stang.

How is your blood? Use Green's Sarsaparilla. For sale by McRoberts & Stang at 50c.

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria.

When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria.

When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria.

When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.

When she was old, she still gave them Castoria.

When she was a Mother, she gave them Castoria.

When she was a Grandmother, she gave them Castoria.

When she was a Great-grandmother, she gave them Castoria.

When she was a Great-great-grandmother, she gave them Castoria.

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This powder never varies. A marvel of purity, strength and wholesomeness. More economical than the ordinary kind, and can be sold in competition with the multitude of low test, short weight alums or phosphate powders. Sold only in cans. ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., 110 Wall Street, New York.

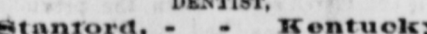
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